

1483
TWO

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
GREEK.

ADDRESSED TO

H***Y F***D, ESQ.

Henry Flood, Esq.

I puer, et charo perfer love munus amico. MART.

DUBLIN:
THOMAS EWING,

MDCCLXXIV.

[PRICE 6d. half.]



TO H***Y F***D, ESQ;

S I R,

AS I HEAR YOU ARE A CANDIDATE
for the Provost-ship of Trinity - College, I
rely upon it that you are quite a master of the
Greek, and well acquainted with the originals of
the following translations. Simple people in the
country wonder that you should court a preferment,
which, however high in importance for it's in-
fluence and authority, hath, it would seem, been
set apart to furnish the reward of egregious mo-
ral and political delinquency; in the view, no
doubt, that an efficacious example should be
placed, in good time, before the eyes of the rising
generation, such of them especially as may be
of senatorial rank—"train up a child in the way
he

he should go"—they wonder also (tho' the wise ones declare there is nothing new under the Sun) that one so strenuous, and apparently so sincere in opposition, should at once run in with an Administration, to be mark'd to all future times. (non cretâ sed carbone) by the loading this exhausted Country with new, oppressive, and (save for the blessed purposes of corruption) most unnecessary Taxes, in a season of profound and perdurable Peace—by the granting Pensions to Placemen, discarded for being as useless and offensive, as it was universally known they would prove, at the very time they were, in the wantonness of despotism, appointed; who (admitting their every pretension as individuals, on the score of personal merit) had collectively insulted their country, by accepting their employments in the face of a direct vote of the House of Commons—an Administration, which, in the midst of unbounded profusion and peculation, hath evidenced no wiser idea of retrenchment, than the stopping up the channels of public charities, and the cutting off the encouragements to national industry and improvement; like the fool in the fable,

D E D I C A T I O N. v

fable, who kill'd his goose that was laying him golden eggs—an Administration so mean, as to cheat the people of their little remnant of Cash, by introducing, and diffusing, thro' the land, a delusive spirit of French-gambling; so iniquitous, as to expose those of inferior rank to the insults and inroads of the proud and opulent oppressor, by taxing enormously the legal weapons of their defence; and at the same time so audacious, as to break in upon the liberty of the press, and cuff down, with their unhallowed wings, the risings of literary genius among us—in fine, an Administration, if possible more malignant than the last, in it's influence on national prosperity, liberty, and virtue; while it is only superior to it by the establishment of a politer Etiquette, which substitutes insidious grimace, in the room of unmeaning, illiberal buffoonery, and captivating scrapes and bows, in the place of savage, revolting rudeness—let me however be just; our present chief Governor, we are told, is as temperate and virtuous, as the late most execrated one, was the reverse—but alas! what hope can we build on the private virtues of our
Rulers?

Rulers ? is not his Majesty said to possess them
all eminently ? so was the blessed Martyr said to
do—away then, with this lullaby of “ confidence
in Administration !”——These changes
in your conduct, Mr. F——d, shock the profane
vulgar ; they cry

———“ now you are mounted

Where pow’rs are your Retainers, and your
words

Domestics to you, serve your will, as’t please
Yourself pronounce their office.”———

But we Scholars can easily reconcile these seem-
ing inconsistencies —— *ἀμέραι δ’ ἐπίλοιποι, μαρτυραὶ
σοφώτατοι*——that is, “ we know they are all one
in the Greek”——I have the honour to be, with
the highest admiration of your abilities,

Your faithful humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

CALLEN, Jan. 1. 1774.

A N
E L E G Y
FROM THE
G R E E K.

Ξυδὸν δ' ἰσθλὸν τῷτο πώληντε, παλὶ τι δῆμαρ,
"Ὅστις ἀνὴρ διαβᾶς ἐν προμάχοισι μένη
Ναυμαίῳς αἰσχροῦς δι' φυγῆς ἐπιπᾶσιν λάθῃται;

TYRT.

NOVEMBER 1,
1773.

THE ARGUMENT.

BY AN OLD SCHOLIAST.

The superiority of the delights and advantages resulting from a truly virtuous and patriotic conduct, over all the gratifications of Power, Wealth, Luxury, or even the pleasures of the Imagination. This Elegy hath been (but I believe erroneously) attributed to Alcaeus of Mitylene.

A N
E L E G Y.

YE Chiefs renown'd of that high honour'd Train
Which sav'd, in times of tempest and dismay,
Our shatter'd Bark from found'ring on the Main,
Will ye now cast yourselves and it away ?

Steady thro' storms ye steer'd, and firmly fought,
By Freedom's foes when vig'rously assail'd ;
And must we lose that safety, dearly bought,
Through your own weakness, where their force hath
fail'd ?

Now Victory holds forth her laurel-wreath
And bids you twine it with your civic bough,
And can ye infamously crouch beneath
The little Tyrants, ye might sink so low ?

Fame's trumpet loud your patriot-acts proclaims,
And Jove himself regardeth you with love ;
And can ye then give up fair, deathless, names
On Earth, and endless happiness above ?

B

For

For what?—for nothing ; rightly understood,
 Virtue alone substantial bliss bestows,
 From Vice as soon proceedeth real good,
 As Wisdom's light from dark-eyed Folly flows.

Thron'd in our grateful hearts, secure ye reign,
 So thron'd, despise Court-favour's tott'ring seat,
 Their promises, as late their threats, disdain,
 Yourself alone can make you truly great.

With power lure they ? Who would wish to live
 The slave of Kings, to be of slaves a King ?
 Or blushing Honours do they boast to give ?
 None flourish fair which from dishonour spring.

Can the faint glimm'ring of superfluous gold
 With Virtue's adamantine radiance vie ?
 Or shall immortal Amaranths be sold
 For Weeds, which wither ev'n before we die ?

Can the gilt Equipage's gay parade,
 Rich Plate's bright polish, or the nectar'd Board,
 Joys, like the conscious thought that ye have made
 A people happy ! to your souls afford ?

Can pillar'd Structures, proudly swelling Domes,
 In gloomy state, that violate the Air,
 Vie with unnumber'd comfortable Homes,
 Whose Beds ye soften, and whose Hearths ye cheer ?

Can fading Tints, or mimic Marble please
 Like Life, by you, with Freedom's blessings crown'd ?
 Can Music charm you like the voice of praise,
 When your blest'd heart-strings vibrate to the sound ?
 These,

These, the Delights of elevated minds,
But spring on Earth, to ripen in the Sky,
While Fortune's blossoms, when Fate's nipping winds
Touch their frail texture, sicken, fade and die !

On the pale lip when hangs the quiv'ring breath,
Availeth Adulation's Siren-sound ?
When swims the viewless, closing Eye, in death,
What boots the gorgeous Pomp display'd around ?

Can Places, Pensions, Titles——all the Smiles
Of "brief Authority" Man's fears controul ?
No. 'Tis the Smile of Conscience that beguiles
Nature's last pangs, and sooths the parting Soul.

What tho' no stately sable-plumed Horse,
Life's last act o'er, slow drag the pond'rous Bier ?
What tho' no flaunting 'scutcheons mock the corse,
If it be follow'd by the gen'ral tear ?

Let Sculpture, and the Poet's venal hand,
With marbled Praise, insult th' unworthy Dead ;
But near my lowly Urn may Virtue stand
Weeping, and Liberty recline the head !

And late, O ! late ! may Athens, tho' secure,
Thro' you, from Ruin, tremble o'er your graves !
O ! may her Freedom, with your Fame endure
Whilst Ocean old her shores indented laves.

THE ...

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AN ANTIENT
GREEK CHORUS.

(POSSIBLY OF AESCHYLUS)

CALLED BY THE OLD SCHOLIAST

THE CHACE.

BEING

AN ODE TO NEMESIS.

Φαῖστος συντοῖσιν ἱε
δι τὸ πᾶν, ἱερῶν
χαρίζε.

PIND.

DECEMBER 25. 1773.

THE CHAOS

THE ARGUMENT;

By the old Scholiast.

ADDRESS to Nemesis, to let loose her Dogs, *Str. 1.*
which Alecto is cheering to their Prey,
perjur'd hearts—the Chace begins—

The Dogs enumerated and characteriz'd viz. *Antist. 1.*
Shame, Fear, Remorse, Despair—Origin of Ne- *Epode 1.*
mesis from Jove and Necessity—Jove's favour to
Mankind at his creation evidenc'd by his sending
Love and Friendship, and afterwards Patriotism, to
Earth—Hell, envious of our bliss, sends the Furies
also—these restrain'd by Jove, till Treason and
Infidelity prevail, then Nemesis (now called Ad-
rastea) descends to punish, and the Furies with
their Hell-hounds attend her as assistants—

The Simplicity and Innocence of rural and *Str. 2.*
humble Life, preserve from the terror and danger
of the divine vengeance—

The objects of Adrastea's wrath, chiefly found *Antist. 2.*
among the Favourites of Fortune—one of these
singled out, who had barter'd his fidelity in love
(and of course his happiness) for wealth—the con-
sequence, the destruction of the lovely object of his
vows, express'd, and of himself, imply'd—

Address to Friendship; characteriz'd as the *Epode 2.*
Genius of virtuous Minds, as the multiplier, rea-
liser, and prolonger of our Joys; as the Offspring
of

of Sincerity and Benevolence, and the Parent of Fortitude and Generosity—Invitation to Candour, the Child of Innocence and Vanquisher of Suspicion—Avarice and Ambition, twin-foes to Friendship, banish'd—

Str. 3. While Lightnings and Tempests and ordinary Diseases, single out their Victims, Earthquake and Pestilence sweep, indiscriminately, whole Cities and Communities before them.—

Antist. 3. So, while Treachery in private Life proves destructive to Individuals, in Rulers, Commanders and Chief-Counsellors it is ruinous to the State.—

Epode. 3. But above all the Apostacy of Patriot-Senators in times of Corruption—this banishes public confidence, tends to annihilate public Spirit, and along with Law and Right puts an end to national Happiness and even Hope—execration of such infamous Apostates—deliver'd over to Nemesis, and torn by her Dogs; while the immortal Spirit, sinks to the Regions of everlasting Misery!—

A N
O D E
T O
N E M E S I S.

STROPHE I.

NEMESIS! the cords un-noose
Which restrain thine Hell-bred Hounds,
Them, Alecto, hark! halloos,
Orcus with their yells resounds;
Eager for their destin'd Prey,
Perjur'd Hearts, too frequent found,
Rapid, how they spring to Day!
How they sweep the dewy ground!
Rush down the valley, skim across the plain,
Or up the storm-beat mountain's steep sides, panting
strain.

C

ANTISTROPHE

AN T I S T R O P H E I.

Swift and sure Shame leads the Pack,
 Low her head, and mute her tongue ;
 Fear with eyes retorted back,
 Howling, trembling, flits along ;
 At her heels, with bristled hair,
 Urges, fiercely on, Remorse ;
 Last with gaunt sides, wild Despair,
 Closes this infernal course ;
 —Ah ! where shall flee the wretched mortals, now,
 Who break the Lover's, Friend's, or Patriot's, sacred
 vow ?

E P O D E I.

From Jove and dire Necessity, is sprung
 Avenging Nemesis.—'Tis said that Jove,
 When on a golden chain, of old, he hung
 The vast World, fasten'd to his Throne above,
 Fond of his new-made Man, to chear his toil,
 Sent Love and Friendship, heav'nly pair ! to earth,
 And Love of Country, which the rudest soil,
 Ev'n Rocks, embraceth, where we have our birth.
 Man was most blest ; But soon from Hell
 Forth rush'd, to spoil his envy'd bliss,
 The Furies with insufferable yell,
 Whose red eyes glare, and snaky tresses hiss ;
 Yet Jove restrain'd their rage ; till, one Age past,
 Treason and Infidelity to blast
 Life's fairest blossoms came : Adraستا then
 Descended wroth, to punish perjur'd Men ;
 On her the Furies wait,
 With all their Hell-dogs grim, in dark, tremendous
 state.

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

Not the Shepherd with his crook,
 Not the Hind that plies the plow,
 Not the Fisher by the brook,
 —'Tis not these that tremble now ;
 'Tis not these who look aghast,
 While their Heart-blood thrilleth cold ;
 Happy these have not amass'd
 Heaps of treason-purchas'd gold ;
 Uncurs'd with wealth, they tend their pleasing cares,
 Unconscious of misdeed, tranquillity is theirs.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But among blind Fortune's minions
 Glitt'ring Slaves of Wealth and Pow'r,
 Happy held in false opinions,
 Nemesis her shafts doth show'r.
 —Saw ye not yon pining Youth
 Buskin'd, tunic'd, helm'd with gold ?
 He, for that, forsook his truth,
 His Fair-one for a Beldame old ;
 On the bare earth, behold, his Fair-one lies !
 Pale her cold cheek, and quench'd the Light'ning of
 her eyes.

EPODE II.

O ! Friendship ! let me hail thy sacred name ;
 Genius of virtuous minds !——without thine aid,
 Life's scanty pleasures fleet an idle dream,
 Doubled by thee, they're true and lasting made ;
 Sprung

Sprung from Sincerity and mild Good-will,
 The gallant, gen'rous deed, thine offspring fair,
 Let my fond heart thy swelling raptures fill,
 Delighted, that my friends like raptures share ;
 Dwell then, meek Candour ! in my breast,
 Thy clear eye bright'ning ev'ry scene ;
 Sweet Child of Innocence ! be thou my Guest,
 My Guardian——Ha ! 'tis dark Suspicion's mein !
 Smote by thy glance she fades ;—The vap'rous
 Storm,
 Summer's calm, chearful face, may thus deform,
 But soon each earth-born cloud before the ray
 Of Titan shrinks ;—Be Av'rice far away,
 And far Ambition low,
 Abhorred Twins ! for each is Friendship's deadly Foe.

S T R O P H E I I I .

Light'nings touch some lonely Swain,
 Wand'ring o'er the blasted heath ;
 Floods, that roaring seek the Main,
 Snatch some Travellers to Death ;
 But the Earthquake's frightful force
 Whelms whole Cities—Pest'ence so,
 In her desolating course,
 Lays the Tribes of Mankind low ;
 While less Diseases boast their single fates,
 The groans of Nations her's, her fun'erals those of States.

A N T I S T R O P H E .

ANTISTROPHE III.

In the shade of private life
 Hapless Victims thus may die,
 Immolated by the knife
 (To Interest) of Treachery;
 But when those the Helm who guide,
 Or the trusted Sword that hold,
 Or in Councils who preside,
 Lur'd by charms of Pow'r or Gold,
 Turn Treason's Priests—'tis Athens feels the wound,
 And at her Altar's Base, writhes weltring on the ground

E P O D E III.

And chief when Those who, in the high debate
 Of corrupt Senates, for their Country stood,
 Intrusted Guardians of a falling State,
 And vow'd the Sons of Patriot-fortitude,
 The gloomy Tyrant's hirelings base become,
 Then Confidence must imp her wings for flight,
 And Public-Spirit hide her in the Tomb,
 With Happiness and Hope, of Law and Right.
 —Curst then be He, for ever curst,
 Who breaks such holy Bands in twain!
 O'er his doom'd head let reddest Light'nings burst,
 Fore-runners of interminable pain!
 —He's thine, great Nemesis! thy vengeful wrath,
 Thy Dogs, his secret haunts, and hidden path,

Win

Will trace inevitable—hark ! I hear
 Their mingling cries, his faithless heart they tear,
 And now to Realms below
 Sinks his affrighted shade, sad Heir of endless woe !

Πᾶσα δ' αἰθρία ἐν καὶνότητι ἵσταται.



[In a few Days will be Published,]

By THOMAS EWING,

A N

O D E

To WALTER HUSSEY, Esq;

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TO WALTER HUSSEY, JR.